

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,  
So excellent a King, that was to this  
Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother,  
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen  
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth  
Must I remember, why she should hang on him  
As if increase of appetite had growne  
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,  
Let me not thinke on'r; frailty thy name is woman  
A little month or ere those shooes were old  
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie  
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she  
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,  
My fathers brother, but no more like my father  
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,  
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,  
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes  
She married, ô most wicked speede; to post  
With such dexteritie to incestious sheets,  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,  
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

*Hora.* Haile to your Lordship.

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

*Hora.* The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,  
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)  
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hora.* A truant disposition good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not heare your enimie say so,  
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence  
To make it truster of your owne report  
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant;  
But what is your affaire in *Elsonowe*?  
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

*Hora.*

*Prince of*

*Hora.* My Lord, I came to see

*Ham.* I pre thee doe not mock  
I thinke it was to my mothers w

*Hora.* Indeepe my Lord it foll

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, th  
Did coldly furnish forth the m

Would I had met my dearest fo  
Or euer I had seene that day *Ho*

My father, me thinkes I see my

*Hora.* Where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my mindes eye *Horatio*

*Hora.* I saw him once, a was a

*Ham.* A was a man take him f

I shall not looke vppon his like.

*Hora.* My Lord I thinke I saw

*Ham.* saw, who?

*Hora.* My Lord the King you

*Ham.* The King my father?

*Hora.* Season your admiration

With an attent eare till I may d

Vppon the witnes of these gent

This maruile to you.

*Ham.* For Gods loue let me h

*Hora.* Two nights together h

*Marcellus*, and *Barnardo*, on their

In the dead wast and middle of

Beene thus incountred, a figur

Armed at poynt, exactly *Capap*

Appeares before them, and wi

Goes slowe and stately by them

By their opprest and feare surp

Within his tronchions length,

Almost to gelly, with the act of

Stand dumbe and speake not to

In dreadfull secrecie impart th

And I with them the third nigh

Whereas they had deliuered b

Forne of the thing, each word

The Apparifion comes: I kne